A

DRAMATICK PASTORAL

OCCASIONED BY THE

COLLECTION at *Glocester*

ON THE

CORONATION DAY,

FOR PORTIONING

Young Women of virtuous Characters.

By a LADY.

GLOCESTER:

PRINTED BY R. RAIKES; AND SOLD BY W. OWEN, IN LONDON.

M. DCC. LXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

DRAMATICK PASTORAL.

The SCENE *repreſents the entrance of a wood on a hill in Gloceſterſhire, with a diſtant proſpect of Gothick towers and ſpires in a valley below.*

The ſoftened ſound of bells ringing at a diſtance.

COLIN, PHEBE, and DAMON.

PHEBE, *bearing a baſket of flowers.*

COLIN.

EVER well met, moſt lucky on this day!
Say, lovely maiden, whither do you ſtray?
Come, haſte! adorn, with flow'rets gay, your hair,
Thoſe ſhining ringlets than theſe flow'rs more fair.

PHEBE.

Yes, Colin, what poor finery I can boaſt
Shall deck me neatly, though with little coſt.
On this bleſt day, what ſubject can appear
In homely weeds, or gravity ſevere!

But firſt, young ſhepherd, in yon ſhady dell,
Where tender flow'rs preſerve their bloom ſo well,
To dreſs a matchleſs garland I am ſworn,
With ſiſter virgins, near the cryſtal bourn:

Then we'll adorn ourſelves in beſt array,
As on the morning of the ſprightly May;
And ſee the cloudleſs ſun, and theſe fine flow'rs,
Seem ſpring return'd, and gifts of April ſhow'rs.

COLIN.

Maiden, if prone to flatter, I'd aſſign
To thy uncommon charms theſe ſkies benign:
Far from my tongue be all ſuch courtly art;
But hear the dictates of an honeſt heart.

PHEBE.

PHEBE.

But ill beſtow'd, but ill receiv'd, would be
Unmerited high compliments to me;
But ſure, from ſuperſtition free, you'll own
Peculiar happy ſigns do this day crown.

COLIN.

Yes, Phebe, innocently we believe,
Heav'n to the good may approbation give
In happy omens. E'er may heav'n deign
With brighteſt rays to crown our King and Queen!

PHEBE.

And as theſe roſes yet their charms diſplay,
Safe from the northern blaſt, or noontide ray,
My ſex's wiſh! may royal CHARLOTTE bloom,
In a fair progeny, each age to come!

COLIN.

Ev'n now, when joy bids ev'ry ſwain be gay,
Doſt thou not mark that ſigh? Ah! Phebe, ſay,
Doſt thou not, ſpite of all diſguiſes, ſee
The love-torn heart that languiſhes for thee?

PHEBE.

Hold, ſhepherd! I muſt never ſtay to know
What in divulging but increaſes woe!
Nor you, nor I, can any ſubſtance boaſt;
Adieu! your ſilence will oblige me moſt.

COLIN.

O cruel Phebe! ne'er did I allow
The fatal truth to paſs my lips 'till now,
Conſcious of wanting wealth. Farewell, proud fair!
A richer rival drives me to deſpair!

PHEBE.

How uſeleſs your ſuſpicions! learn, fond youth,
What by experience I've remark'd for truth:
Love-matches often end in miſery;
Eſteem and friendſhip often love ſupply.

COLIN.

See! there's your choſen, bounding through the grove,
With all the arrogance of favour'd love:
My feet refuſe their office to be gone,
And thy cold ſpeeches freeze me into ſtone.

Enter DAMON.

DAMON.

Phebe! though ever adverſe to my bliſs,
My lips this day ſhall claim a virgin kiſs;
My love, though hopeleſs, will be gen'rous ſtill;
On wings of joy I've flown up this ſteep hill.

Where yonder lofty towers grace the vales,
And rolling tides are crown'd with ſwelling ſails;
Where trade and induſtry enrich the place,
Fam'd ſtill for good works, as of old for grace;

Where timely aid the poor diſeaſed find;
Where, with two ſiſter cities nobly join'd,
Abandon'd orphans bleſs the gen'rous hearts
Which rais'd them, ſinking, to the uſeful arts;

Where thoſe, whoſe fires had dealt the holy bread,
Are, in their need, with daily ſuſt'nance fed:
But I, unweening, from my purpoſe ſtray,
While I the preſent welcome news delay.

Know then, dear maid, this day to honour beſt,
Our noble gentry, when proclaim'd the feaſt,
Pious as great, attend the ſacred quire,
Imploring bleſſings on the royal pair!

Muſick

Muſick ſucceeds, ſuch heav'nly ſounds as charm
Ev'n diſcord's ear, and cold devotion warm;
Then charity begins—the holy door
Provides a large collection for the poor.

Great ſums ariſe, no common charity!
Unportion'd maids from thence ſhall portion'd be,
Whoſe ſpotleſs lives and decent manners claim
(Though bow'd by fortune) an exalted fame.

A noble matron juſtice did to thee,
The treaſurers a handſome dow'r decree;
Enough I'd heard, with rapture left the place,
Joy to thee, fair, enrich'd with ev'ry grace.

PHEBE.

Colin! a dow'r! all bounteous pow'r divine! [*To Colin.*
Nay, take my hand, my heart was ever thine;
Prudence thy only rival, faithful ſwain,
And thou ſhalt never blame my pride again.

COLIN.

My much-lov'd Phebe, well the learned teach
Great joy, as grief, o'ercomes the pow'r of ſpeech!
What can I utter? How can words expreſs
The pleaſing tumults and the ſweet exceſs?

Thou, gen'rous ſwain, pardon a love-ſick fear! [*To Damon.*
A cloud that's vaniſh'd; ever let me wear
The title, I'll ſtill cheriſh, of thy friend:
Canſt thou to bleſs a rival condeſcend?

PHEBE.

Stay, worthy Damon, from my hand receive
A pledge of friendſhip, all I have to give!
Had not my heart been fix'd on this dear youth,
Who could o'erlook your excellence and truth.

DAMON.

Long have I ſtrove my paſſion to correct,
Though hard the taſk, yet not without effect;

When hope forſook me, reaſon lent her aid,
And bade me yield to thee, the lovely maid. [*To Colin.*

Bleſt pair! my paſt woes all repay'd, believe!
Your proffer'd friendſhip I with joy receive.
I lov'd, alas! but ſcorn'd the tyrant's part,
To wed th' unwilling maid without her heart.

COLIN.

What now remains, but gratitude to ſhow
For thoſe to whom our happineſs we owe:
Bleſt all revolving years, be this day known,
When bliſs has reach'd the cottage from the throne!

A CHORUS *of young maidens ſuppoſed to be portioned by the charity, joining with Colin and Phebe in the following*

SONG.

I.

GODLIKE CHARITY divine,
Thou meſſenger of heav'nly love,
Incenſe of the pious mind,
Grateful to bleſſed ſaints above!

CHORUS.

To thee, third daughter of the ſkies, 'tis giv'n,
By bleſſing here to raiſe a ſoul to heav'n.

II.

Deign, O pure perfection, deign,
With beams from thy great ſource of light,
To diſtinguiſh GEORGE's reign,
By a fair train of virtues bright!

CHORUS.

And certain ev'ry wav'ring heart to warm,
Send them array'd in gracious CHARLOTTE's form.

Happy

III.

Happy Britain, happy iſle!
Laurel wreaths thy ſons adorn;
Dove-ey'd peace upon thee ſmile,
And plenty pour her laviſh horn;

CHORUS.

Thy warlike chiefs rejoice on native ſoil,
And home-felt bleſſings crown their glorious toil.

THE END.

99 AP 66

THE END.